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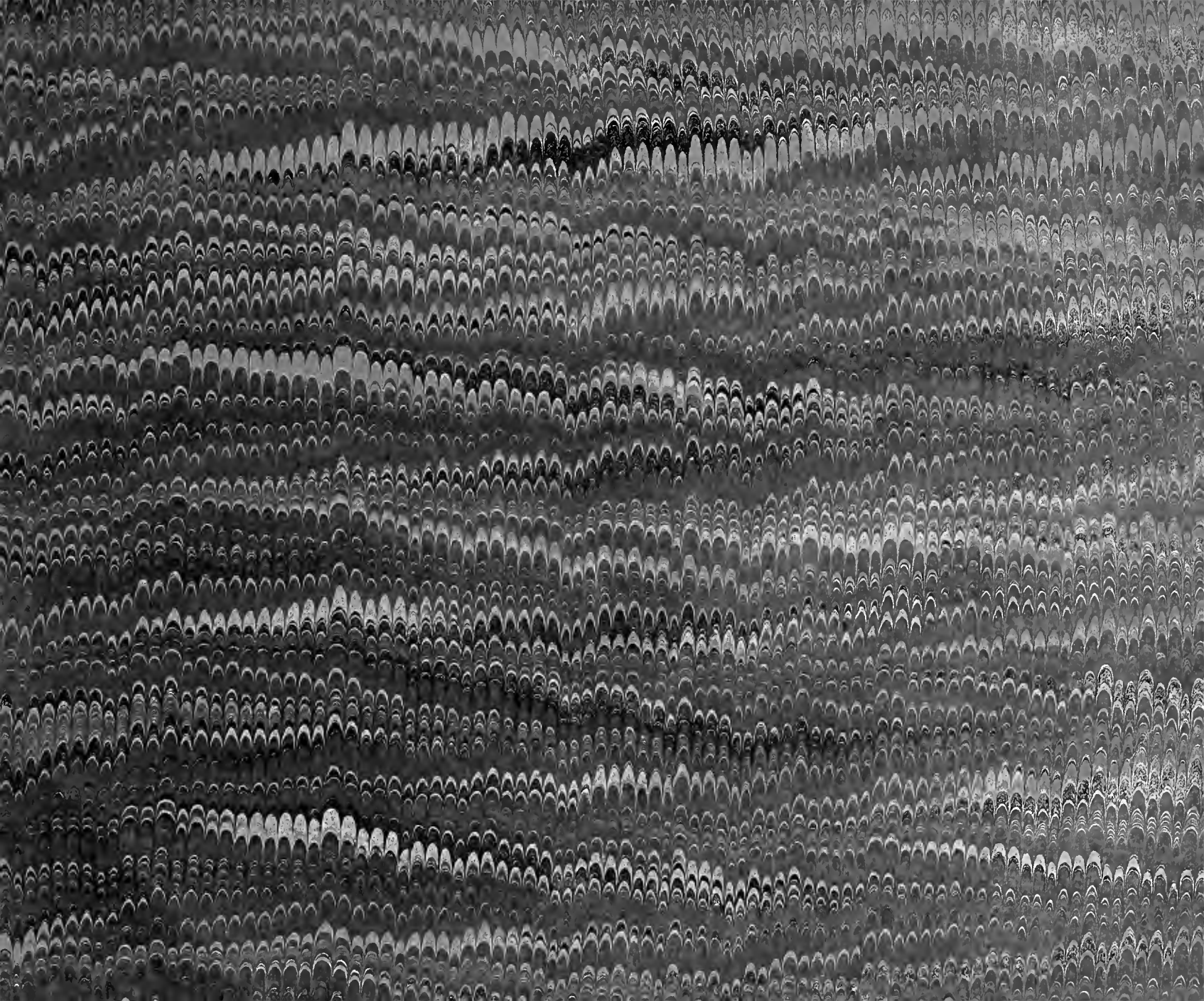
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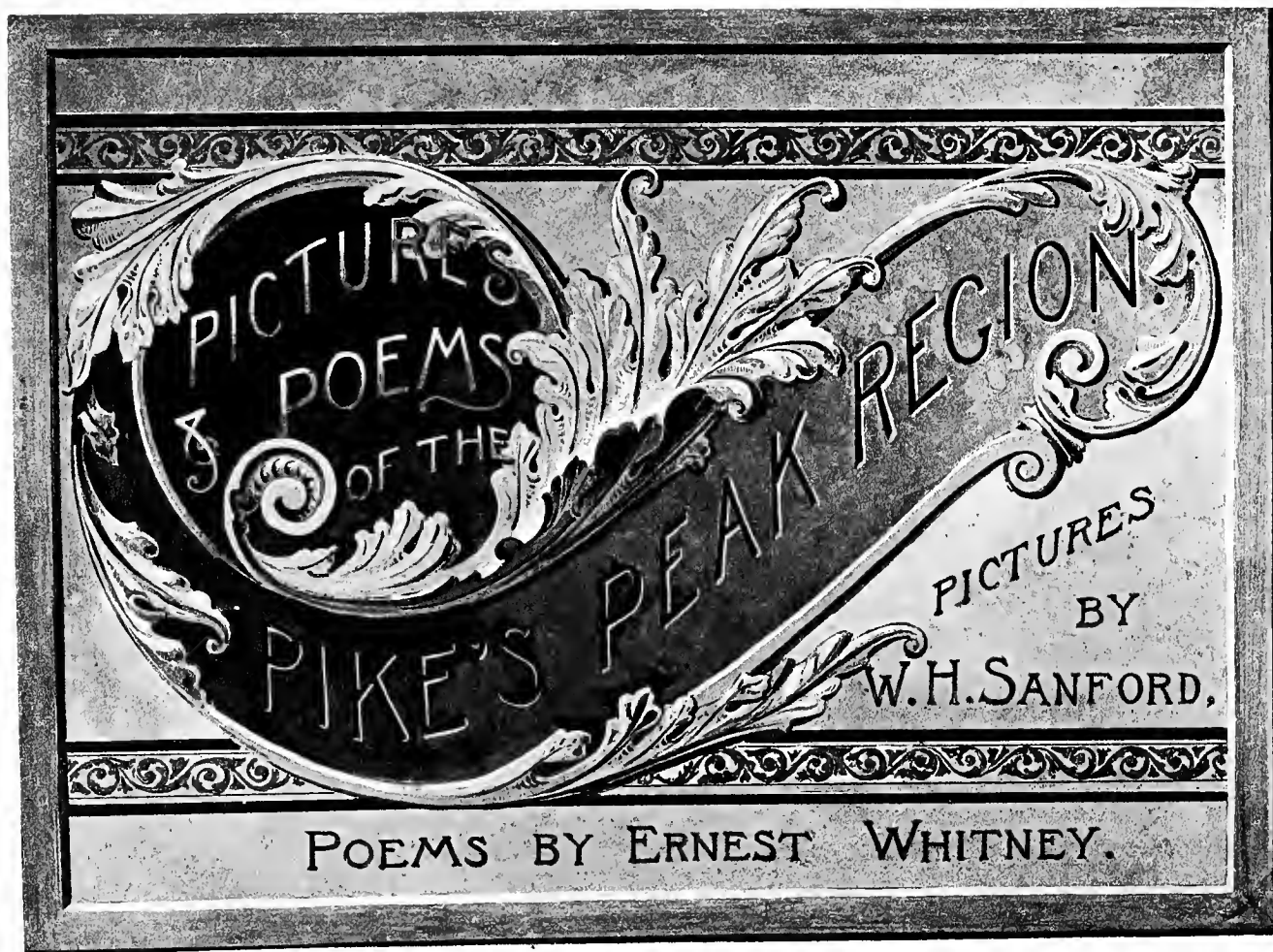
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





PICTURES
& POEMS
OF THE

REGION

PIKE'S PEAK

PICTURES
BY
W.H. SANFORD,

POEMS BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PICTURES AND POEMS
OF THE
PIKE'S PEAK REGION.

PICTURES BY W. H. SANFORD,

POEMS BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

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FROM PRESS
OF THE
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NEW YORK.

COLORADO.

Land of the undimmed heaven ! where the earth
Hath reared her noblest altar to the sun,
A continent its basis, and when done
Capt with the navel of creation's birth.

Here the new light first burst the world-cloud's girth.
Here through the sky a bluer woof is spun ;
A kindlier heat is from the day-god won,
Danae's boon freed from its curse of dearth.

The land of beauty and sublimity,
The land of color, the world's wonderland ;
Earth's teeming mint where orient ores expand ;

The haunted home of ancient mystery ;
And in this world of death, disease, and strife,
The one true home of peace and hope and life.

COLORADO.

Land of the undimmed heaven! where the earth
Hath reared her noblest altar to the sun;
A continent its basis, and when done
Capl with the navel of creation's birth!

Here the new light first burst the world-cloud's rift;
Here through the sky a pluvial world is spun;
A kindlier heat is from the day-god won,
Danae's boon freed from its curse of death.

The land of beauty and sublimity
The land of color, the world's wonderland;
Earth's beaming mind where orient o'er expand;

The haunted home of ancient mystery;
And in this world of death, disease, and strife,
The one true home of peace and hope and life.



PIKE'S PEAK.

Lone, hoary monarch of the Titan peaks,
Offspring of heaven and earth in planet jars,
Bare-bodied savage, grim with unhealed scars,
To thy wild hand thy voice in thunder speaks;

Thy sword stroke is the avalanche that wreaks
Quick vengeance on thy kneeling victim. Wars
Come but to yield thee homage, and the stars
Visit thee nightly, yet thy long gaze seeks

Unsatisfied the playmate of thy prime—
O longing like to mine!—that goddess bright,
The ocean stream. O deep embrace! that time

Forgets not, ere stern gods beyond thy sight
Her dungeons sunk. Thy memory that; thy hope
This ocean-seeking stream that cheers thy slope.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Long hoary monarch of the barren peaks,
Offspring of heaven and earth in planet jars,
Bare-bodied savage, grim with numbered scars,
To thy wild hand the voice in thunder speaks:

Thy sword stroke is the avalanche that wreaks
Quick vengeance on thy kneeling victim. Woe
Come but to yield thee homage, and the state
Visit thee nightly, yet thy long gaze seeks

Unsatisfied the pyramide of thy prime—
O longing like to mine!—that roddens bright,
The ocean stream O deep embrace! that time

Forget not, ere stern Gods beyond thy sight
Her dungeons sink. Thy memory that; thy hope
This ocean seeking stream that cheers thy slope.



PIKE'S PEAK.

A silver cone in golden heavens high.
Pure altar whose bright top the suns illumine
With clouds of radiant incense. A great gloom
Athwart the night, where the stars totter and die.

A Titan's threat the noonday heaven nigh.
A promise from the desert. Mount of Doom.
Lightning filled. Crest of the Continent. The tomb
Of long lost races. Pillar of the sky.

Parent of waters. Nurser of the plains.
Giver of gold. King of eternal hills.
Old symbol of the lasting and the true.

Day after day unchanged it aye remains,
Yet day by day an aspect new it fills:
The great is always great and ever new.

PICTURE BOOK

A silver cone in golden hair,
Two little white feet in shoes of blue,
With hands of red and feet of blue,
This is the night when the moon is new.

A little girl in the garden,
A little boy in the garden,
A little girl in the garden,
A little boy in the garden,
A little girl in the garden,
A little boy in the garden.

Present of water, Nectar of life,
Gift of gold, King of earth and sea,
Old and young, all things in the air,
All things in the air, all things in the air.

They are the day when the sun is new,
Yet are the day when the sun is new,
The day when the sun is new,
The day when the sun is new,
The day when the sun is new,
The day when the sun is new.



The Gateway at the Garden of the Gods.

'Tis the gate of the mountains, the gate to the plains,
The gate to a world of new, unknown domains ;
And the hosts of the east throng through it, wide ope,
For they read on its portals "The haven of hope."

'Twas the gate of the dawn of the first morning bright,
And still feels the glow of creation's new light.
Wide swung on the marge of the sea and the land,
Through it crawled the monsters that haunted the strand

In primeval ages. Its threshold was worn
By life's long processions while Eden, forlorn,
Still waited life's promises. Under its arch
Passed race after race in humanity's march

When the bound of the west, to the mind of the east,
Was the gate where Alcides his wandering ceased.
What wonder the poet who under it trod
Deemed he walked through the gate of the garden of God.

For it rose in a glory of transcendent gleams
Like the vision which shone on the prophet in dreams ;
And he saw through its portals, through vistas sublime,
The wonders God works in earth's happiest clime.

The Gateway in the Garden of the East

The first of the mountains, the white and blue,
The gate to the world of the East, the gateway to the East,
The gate to the world of the East, the gateway to the East,
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The View from the Peaks.

Sculptured by glacial chisel, and wrought
Slowly to shape by the storm torrent's toil.
Angel of God! what all unearthly thought
Lies in this group of Titanic turmoil?

What is Laocöon? weak! let it go!
Look to these warring ones, helmed black and white:
Once in high heaven, ere earth swung below,
Archangels battled, and such was the sight!

Again look at midnight: stunned, cold with new loss,
These are the fallen, bound under Hell's bars:
Stern over all frowns the Mount of the Cross,
And heaven is bright with the triumphant stars.



IN CHEYENNE CAÑON.

(Written on a blank leaf in Keats' Hyperion.)

Deep in the shady sadness of this glade,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's lone star,
I see old Saturn resting after war.
The forests hang above as though scarce stayed

From falling, and the silence, like the shade,
Seems palpable. I look from cliff to scar,
And lo! cloud like, she cometh from afar
With regal step, Thea, the undismayed.

The cañon fills with Titan shapes; they stand
Leaning their shoulders on the mountain rocks,
Or reaching boldly out a threatening hand

To grasp the huge world fragments, earthquake blocks.
Then heaven frowns black with storm, the lightning brand
Falls, and the dim cliffs shudder with quick shocks.

IN CRYSTAL

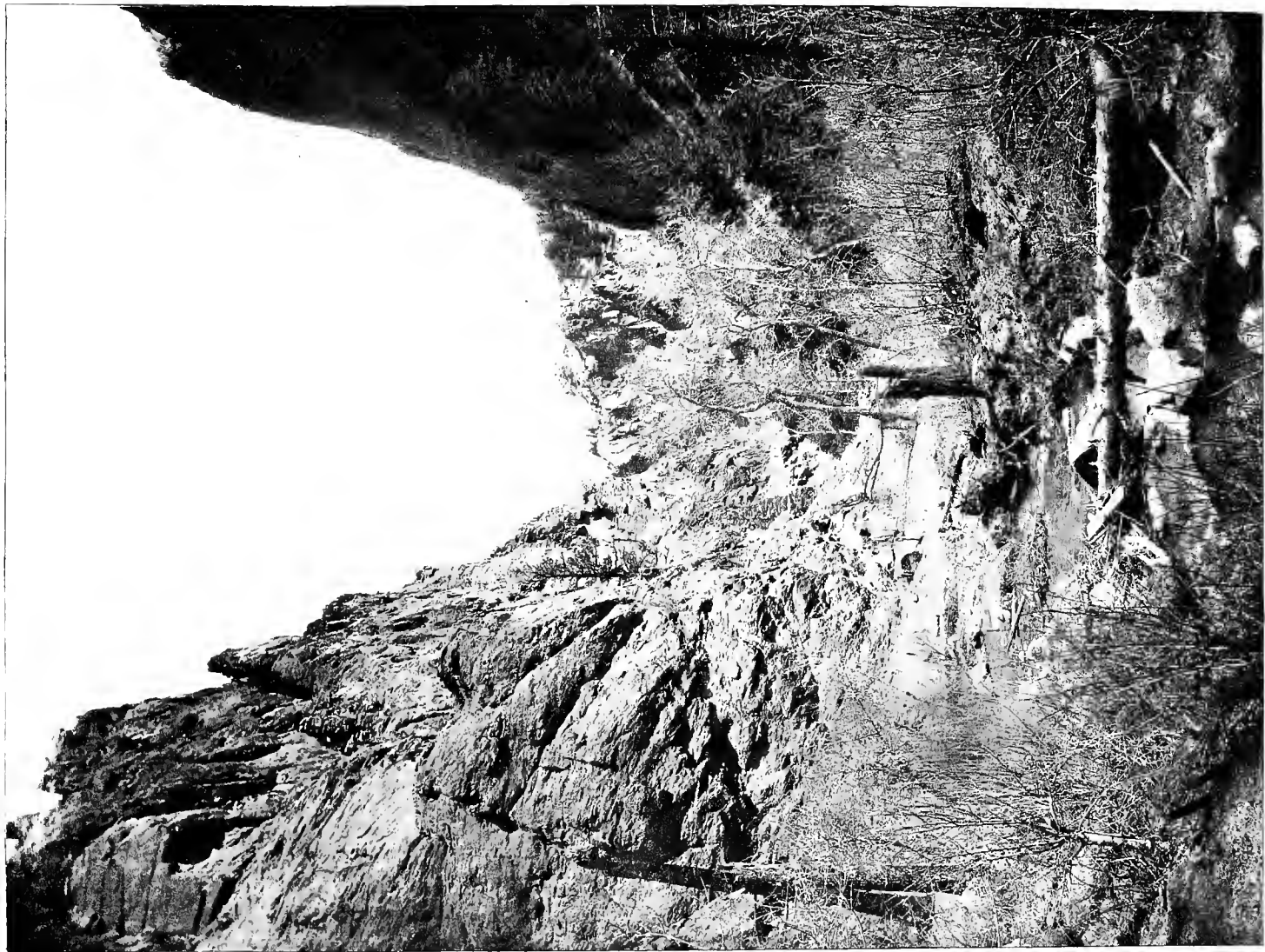
BY ALICE W. ALLEN

It was a very early morning in the month of May, and the sun was just beginning to show itself above the horizon. The air was cool and fresh, and the birds were singing their sweet songs in the trees and bushes.

At the foot of the hill, where the road crossed the stream, stood a small, white, two-story house with a red roof. The house was surrounded by a garden of flowers and shrubs, and a path led from the road to the front door.

The house was the property of an old man, who had lived there for many years. He was a kind and gentle man, and he loved his house and garden very much.

It was on the morning of the first of May that the old man was sitting in his armchair, looking out of the window at the garden. He was thinking of the many years that he had spent there, and how much he loved it.



IN NORTH CHEYENNE CAÑON.

Aloft to the sunset light towers the ledge ;
The ivy hangs heavily over the edge,
As a cataract ready to fall o'er its face
Had paused ere its plunge for the fear of the place.

The harebell and columbine cling to the cliff,
Where the frost-king hath carven his wierd hieroglyph,
Like the spots of bright color on manuscript old
Where the secrets of faith and of magic are told.

And here hover readers, the raven and dove,
From the same palimpsest reading hatred and love.
And turning to utterance mystic the spell
They have read from the runes on the rock in the dell.

'Tis a temple enchanted and hallowed of old,
And its priests are the fir-trees so solemnly stoled,
Ever chanting in murmuring harmony low

In anthems the mysteries none other know,
Ever shedding their sweet benedictions of peace
On the soul that here seeketh in nature release.

IN NORTH CATHARINE CANYON.

Aloft to the sunset light towers the ledges;
The ivy hangs heavily over the edge.
As a cataract ready to fall o'er its face
Had paused ere its plunge for the leap of the place.

The harbell and of minding climb to the cliff,
Where the frost-kissed path shows his weird hieroglyph;
Like the spot of bright color on manuscript old
Where the secrets of faith and of magic are told.

And here, hover, reader, the raven and dove,
From the same palimpsest page in hushed and love,
A hymn to utterance mystic the spell
That flows from the runes on the rock in the dell.

With a camp, enchanted and a flower of old,
And a desert where the fir-trees are so lonely stolid
Here, standing in mountaining, the rocky low

In another, the mysterious none other known,
Towers shuddering that were fountains of joy
On the soul that has itself in nature release



THE SEVEN FALLS.

These are man's seven ages in the stream
Of life eternal, hurrying with the roar
And rush of madness to the goal; and sore
With toil to make life's rugged pathway seem

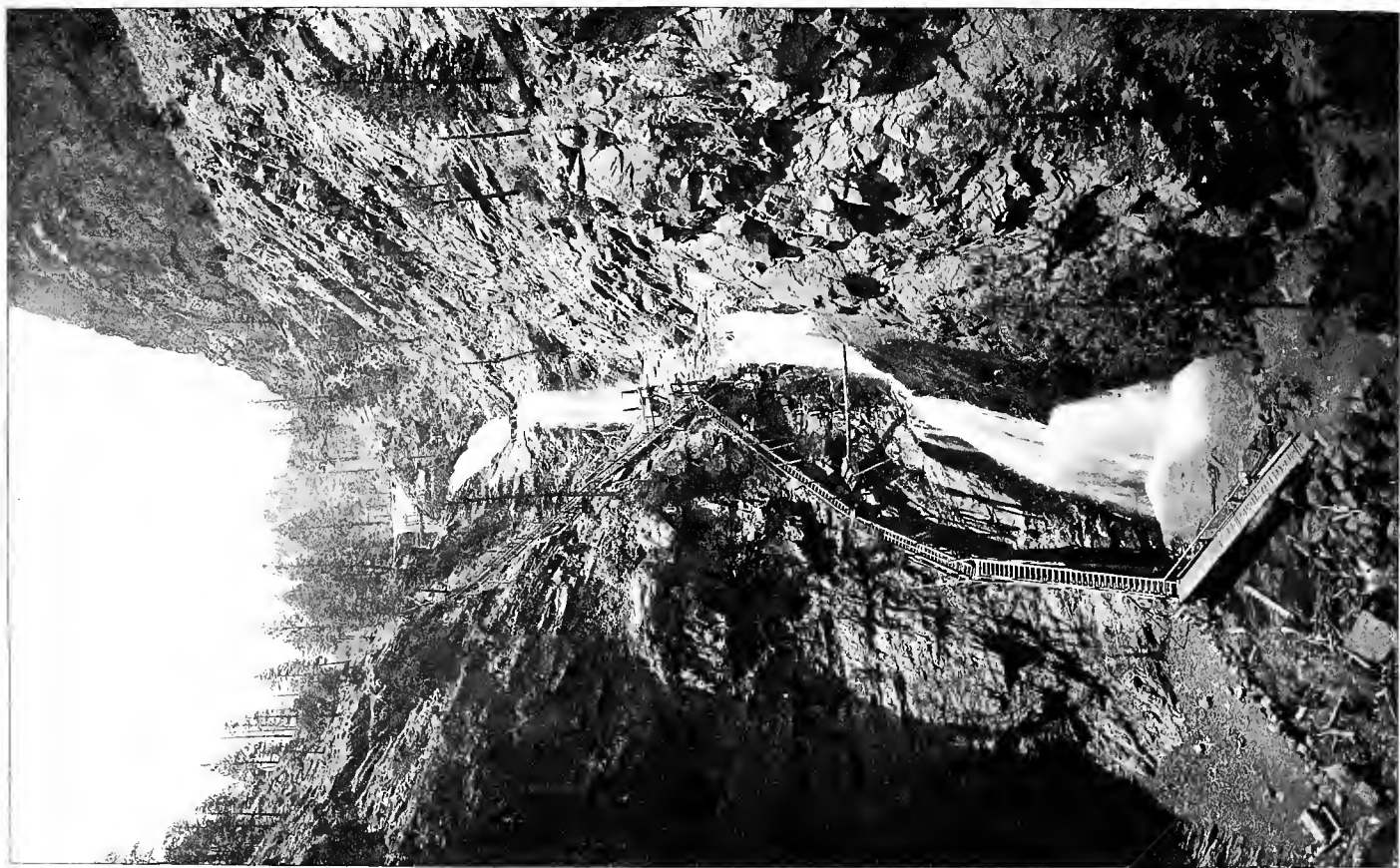
Less painful. Half in air, as they did deem
Strong-binding earth no part of them, but bore
A life ethereal, and therefore wore
This cloud-white livery, bright with heaven's gleam.

Earth is the jagged cliff in Time's long course,
Life's death leap : o'er it, from an unknown source,
Life breaks, a living stream before ; and still

Flows on mysterious missions to fulfill
Beyond the present, toward the unknown sea
Down the long reaches of eternity.

THE SEVEN FALLS.

Of life eternal, and the
And rush to the life,
With toil to the life,
Less painful, half in air,
Strong-binding earth no more,
A life eternal, and the
This cloud-wreath, every
Half in air, and the
The source of the
The source of the
The source of the
The source of the



THE MOURNERS ON CHEYENNE. .

(At the grave of H. H.)

There Summer cometh, shuddering at death.
Bowing her regal beauty in her dread
Long bitterness of loss, and scattereth
Dust, dust and bitter ashes o'er the dead.

There sobered Autumn in funereal weed,
With locks dishevelled, leaves her ripest sheaf,
And while low winds a solemn requiem lead,
She, lingering, weeps her fill of wasting grief.

And Winter, from the battle fields of storm,
Scarred, worn, and woe-racked, yearly bringeth there
His calm white shroud, to spread above that form,
Keeping unjarred the peace he cannot share.

And Spring, with dew-bright eyes gladdened with hope,
Brings hither all the first flowers of the lea ;
And while with brow toward heaven her eye-lids ope,
She softly whispers " Immortality ! "

THE MOURNERS ON CHEYENNE.

(At the grave of H. H.)

There Summer cometh, shrouding at death,
Bowing her regal beauty in her dread
Long bitterness of loss, and sorroweth
Dust, dust and bitter ashes o'er the dead.

There sobber Autumn in funeral weed,
With locks dishevelled, leaves her ripest sheaf,
And while low winds a solemn requiem lead,
She, lingering, weeps her fill of wailing grief.

And Winter, from the battle fields of storm,
Scour'd worn and wearied, yearly bringeth there
His calm white shroud, to spread above that form,
Keep, undisturbed the peace he cannot share.

And Spring, with dew-bright eyes gladdened with hope,
Brings hither all the first flowers of the sea;
And while with snow-torn heaven her eyelids ope,
She softly whispers "Immortality."



UTE PASS.

Vast corridor through Nature's roofless halls,
Pike beckons welcome far across the land
To this sole gateway through his granite walls,
By Chaos wrought with harsh, primeval hand.

He scarred his pathway through the frightened chasm
With shattered ledge, and splintered crag in air,
And cliffs that writhe as though, in torturing spasm,
Some hideous monster met the Gorgon's stare.

But only once he through the ravine stormed,
While year by year roamed Beauty in the path,
And wheresoe'er she stept, that spot transformed
Bears her soft smile amid his work of wrath.



ON CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AT TWILIGHT.

The pale light lingering along the land,
The low land sinking through the waning light,
Fill me with sobered thought. So comes the night
Of death, when lifted high o'er earth we stand,

And all fades out beneath us, while more grand
Heaven opens wide above. New glory bright
Comes in the nearer stars, that fill the sight
Down to the darkness by earth's shadow spanned.

And the sweet peace that man so rarely gains,
Though nature ever offers it to all,
Comes balmy, soothing life's tumultuous pains.

Lo! the old truth enforced, though blind and bound
I move nor see beyond life's carnal wall,
Yet heaven is here as in the vast profound.

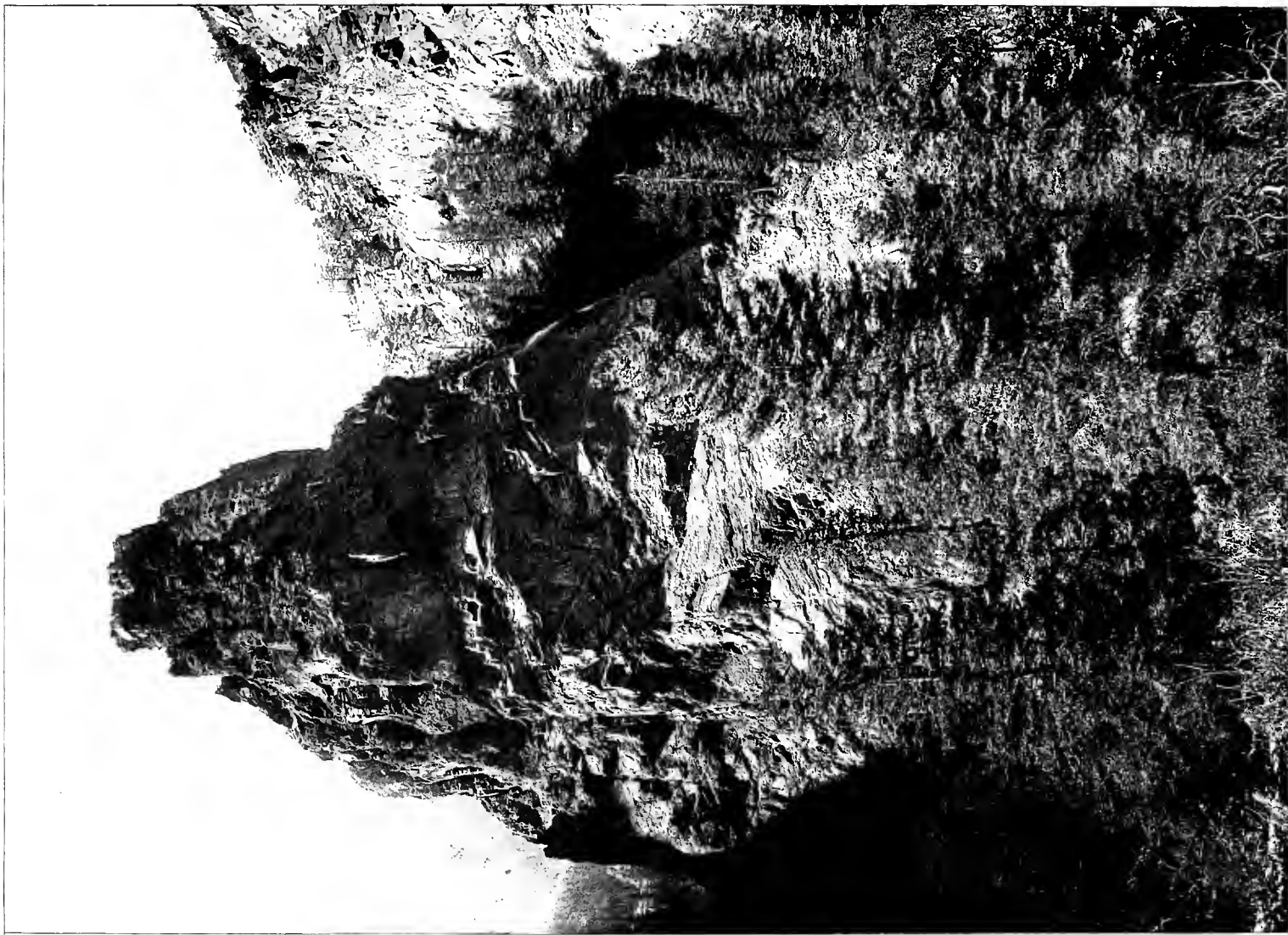
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And all fades out beneath us while more grand
Heaven opens wide above. Now glory bright
Comes in the nearer stars that fill the sight
Down to the darkness by earth's shadows spread.

And the sweet peace that man so rarely gains
Though nature ever offers it to all,
Comes balmily, soothing life's tumultuous pains.

Lo! the old truth enforced, though blind and dumb
I move not see beyond life's carnal wall.
Yet heaven is here as in the west profound.



IN MONUMENT PARK.

Read the story of the stones !
We are in the house of thrones,
On the graves of empires dead
When the earth but giants bred,

And our race of petty men
Lived but in the prophet's ken.
Crumbled are their palace walls,
Roofless lie their empty halls.

And the pillars stand in vain
Bowed beneath their ancient strain.
Dust are all the kings to-day
Who amid these courts held sway ;

Humbled are the temple gods,
And the broken idol nods
O'er the altar, bare and cold,
Where the victim knelt of old

But the groups of regal forms,
Changeless through a thousand storms,
Mute historians of the past,
Tell the ancient tales at last.

Nay, what grace can artifice
Add to such a scene as this !
Then away with fancy's guess !
Better Nature's truthfulness,

Simple, beautiful, sincere.
She hath nobler history here,
Eloquent to every heart
More than utterance of art,

Solemn as a chanted hymn
In cathedral cloister dim.
Even the savage in this dell

Felt the soul within him swell
With the sense of higher things
Which the best of nature brings.

IN MONUMENT PARK

For the tower of regal towers,
 The Alps that high a thousand storms,
 The mountains of the past,
 The ancient time of the

Now what you can see
 And so much - some of this
 With the truth

And the noblest of these
 All right to every hand
 The little and the great
 The great and the small
 The small and the great
 The great and the small

Which the world has seen
 Which the world has seen
 Which the world has seen

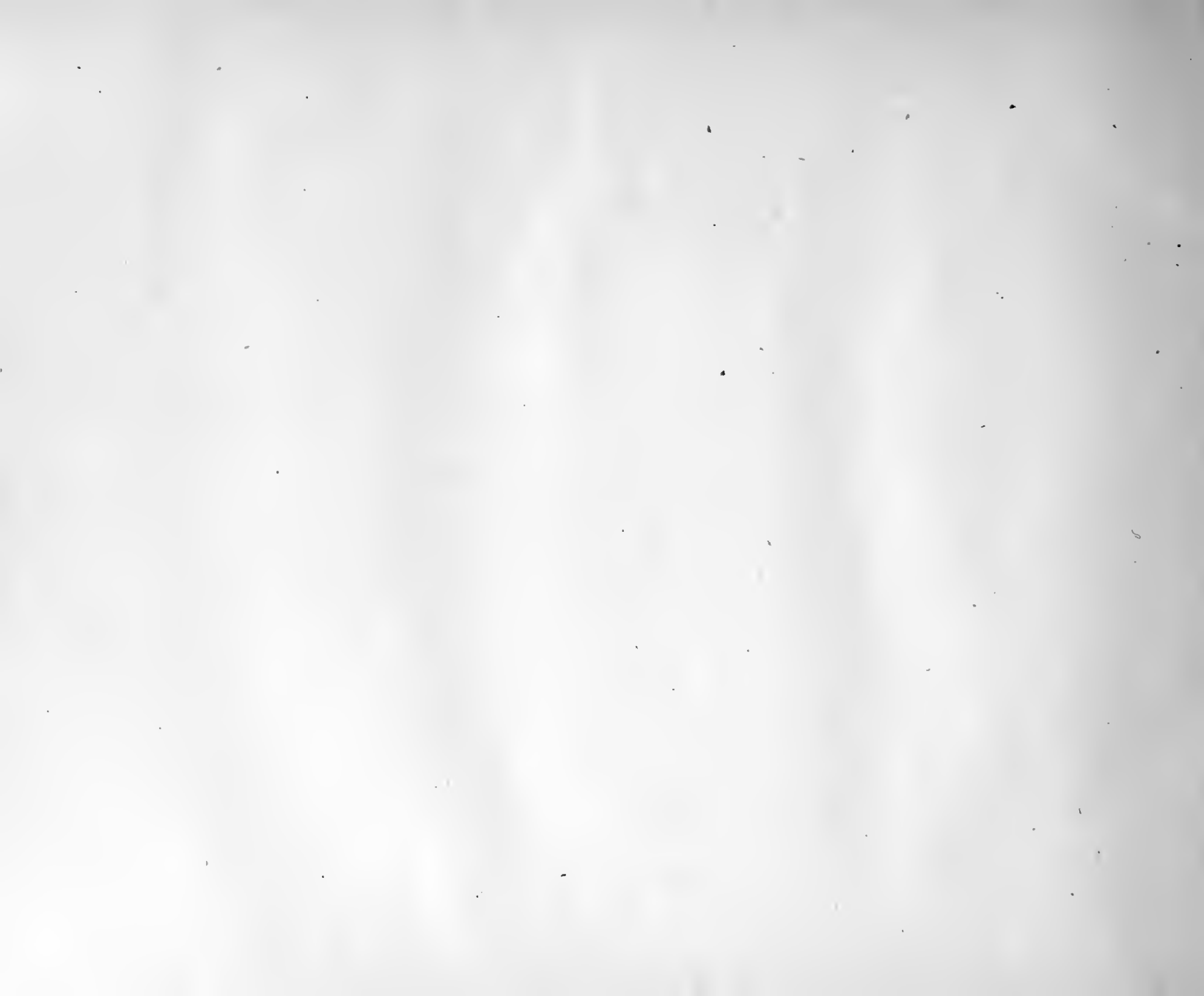
Read the story of the stones!
 We are in the house of things,
 On the ruins of empires dead
 With a heart that beats and breathes

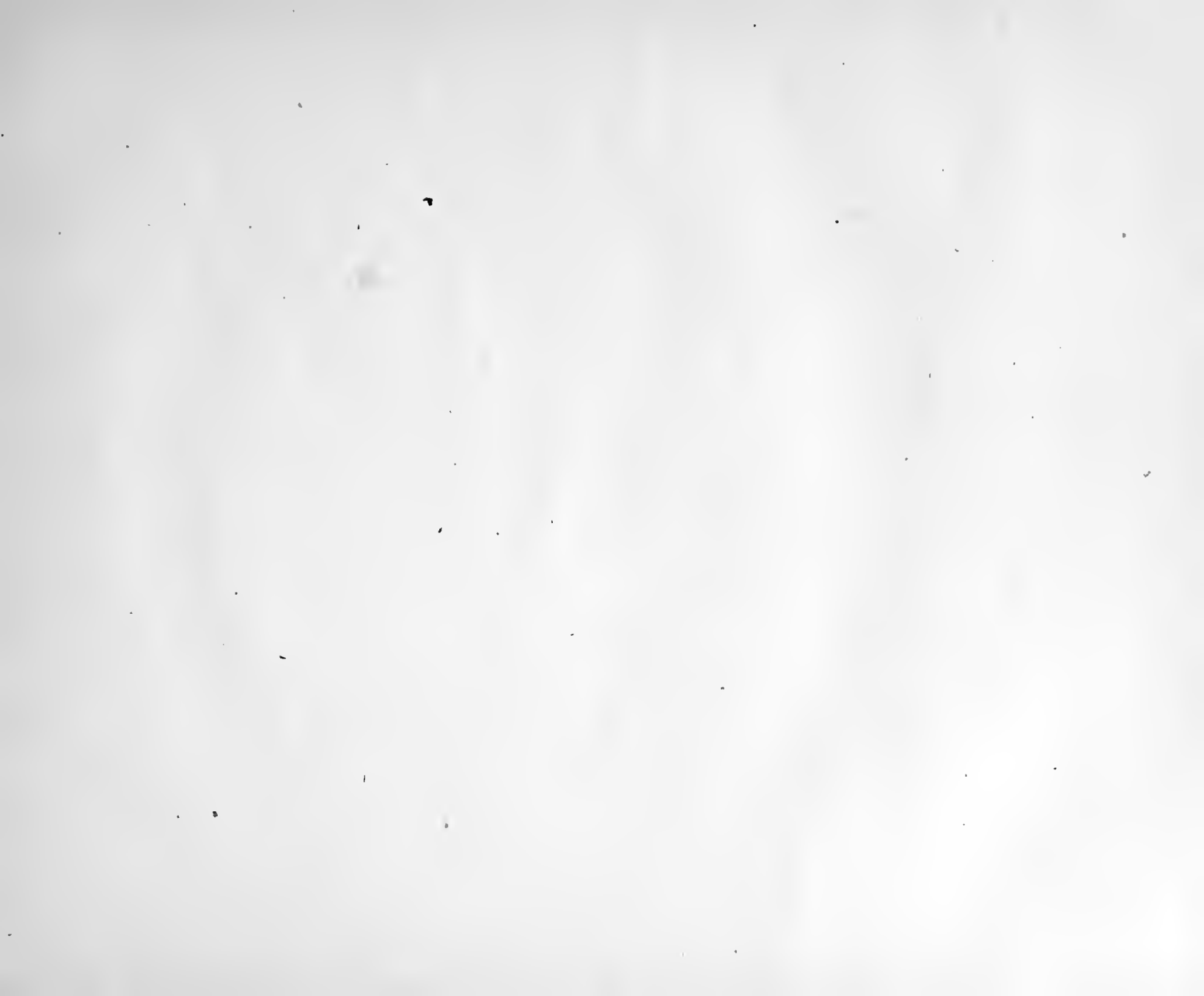
And our race of petty men
 Lived but in the world's eye
 And the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead

And the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead

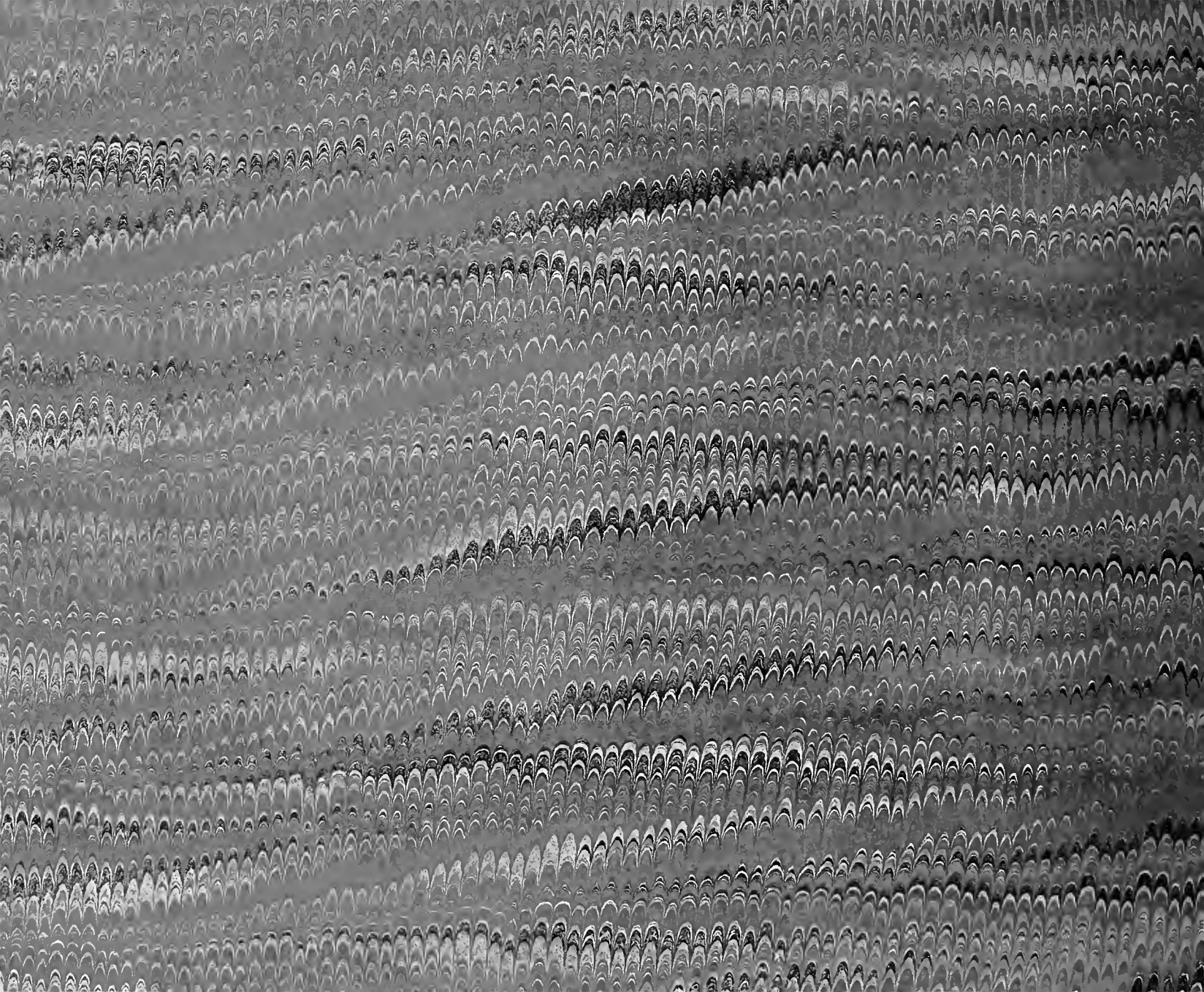
Humble the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead
 And the world's eye is dead











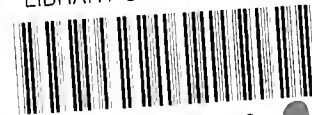
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